

Oxford Democrat.

No. 35, Volume 7, New Series.

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, January 4, 1848.

Old Series, No. 45, Volume 16.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, BY
G. W. ELLIOT.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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POETRY.

From the New York Tribune.

THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

What mean the miles of glittering wire
Stretched out afar o'er hill and plain,
As if to string some massive lyre
To ring out earth's redeeming strain?

It is a lyre, whose every string
Shall vibrate to the praise of Man;
Such tribute to his genius bring
As ne'er was paid since Time began.

It is the master-piece of Earth—
The climax of all human might—
When Man, forgetful of his birth,
Infuses on Jehovah's right.

It is the path where lightnings fly
Obedient to Man's lordly will,
Who forced them from their native sky,
And chained them down on every hill.

Once they were messengers of God,
And flashed through Heaven's remotest span,
But now they've left their high abode,
To herald out the ways of Man.

No more we'll trust the carrier dove,
Or iron steed, or lagging stage,
But call the lightnings from above,
To spread the news and tell the tale.

They far outspeed the rolling Earth,
And put the year of Time to back—
Before the Future has its birth
'Tis past upon the spirit track.

That track—the great highway of Thought—
Where distant nations converse hold;
Ere word is said or deed is wrought,
'Tis whispered round and round the world.

From East to West—from pole to pole—
Wherever Man has pressed the sod—
The very thought of every soul
Is omnipresent like an God.

It binds the nations all in one,
And thrills its pulse through the union,
Till every kingdom, tribe and tongue,
Shall live and act in full communion.

THE STORY TELLER.

From Noddy's Sunday Times.

The Invisible Marksman.

A group of youngsters, ten years before the Revolution, stood on a level green in New York, with a mark before them, and their fire arms ready. They were on the ground now occupied by Clarkson and a part of Varick streets, but which then formed a part of the open and romantic country. The outskirts of the then un-bred city, were what may be termed poetically picturesque, made up of rocky, sandy, uneven, but yet elegant grounds, which afforded opportunities for the enjoyment of ball sports and the prosecution of other matters, as well as for the agricultural occupations which give men bread. The frequent appearance of Indians, in this quarter, from the time of Peter Stuyvesant down to the period of which we write, created a desire in the young, in all directions, to emulate their skill as marksmen. It was no unusual thing to get hurt by shooting the best shot, and many a lot, which is valued, at this day, at thousands of dollars, and affords its owner the means of becoming a season subscriber to the opera, was obtained by striking the bull's eye of a target. The group we call the attention of the reader to, was one of five persons, four of whom were straggling, but the fifth, a gray-haired man, whose ruddy and rugged features, and natural proportions, published the fact that his birth-place was Great Britain. He was admitted to the mark in the target, and addressing the lad who had made it, and who was leaning carelessly on a rifle, that showed better condition than any other piece on the ground.

"Why, Charles, you are a second Tell, or will be. You must have practised constantly to have acquired so much proficiency."

"Why, to say the truth, good Locksley," returned the young man to his venerable interlocutor, "I do little else than shoot. My rifle is my mother, wife, and children—though of the latter, I am scarcely old enough to speak. At any rate, (less the rifle) is my banner, for the silver I use, is nearly all produced by her."

"I never saw such unerring aim," remarked the old man, wonderingly.

"It only shows what the inclination, and the constant pursuit of an object will accomplish. One's ambition sometimes runs in strange currents. Mine directs me to excel all persons in shooting. Every mark that my bullet pierces, produces more delight than I can well describe, and if I had my choice of the fame of the greatest general or the greatest marksmen of the

world, I would, unhesitatingly, choose to be that of the latter."

While the young man was speaking these words, he loaded his rifle. The old gentleman listened, as he surveyed surrounding objects, and suddenly pointed to a locust tree, upon the extreme end of one of the branches of which sat a robin, that made the vicinity vocal with its song. Pointing to the bird with one hand, and holding a piece of silver money in the other, the old man said—"Now, Charles, this is your reward for that bird."

"I cannot," was the young man's reply. "Cannot!" exclaimed the old man in a surprised tone—"Why?"

"Because I never kill birds."

"Well, then, the twig that he sits upon is as slender as a quill pen. Can you cut that off?"

Charles Piggot, the young man, nodded in the affirmative, brought his rifle to aim, and pulled the trigger. Red-breast rose into the air, and sailed away, with a strange twitter, while the twig, of which he had made a perch, dropped, in eddying circles to the ground. Charles young companions raised a loud shout and, at the same time he blushing with pride, received the silver guerdon of his skill.

"Humph," muttered old Locksley. "Who ever saw or heard of the like? Why the Indians only do these things, but not with the lead. I say, Charles, you must turn this great talent of yours to account. Never relinquish its practice."

"Not I," exclaimed Piggot, pocketing the silver. "When I die, it will be rifle in hand."

After a few unimportant trials of the substance of the well-ridled target, the party shouldered their arms, and came across the King's Farm into the city. The scene here described actually occurred, and the last mentioned remark of the young rifleman, was often spoken of, at a later and more interesting period, by his friends and relatives.

Ten years after the time of the above scene, Washington's forces lay encamped on New York and Long Island, awaiting the sanguinary battle in which we lost about 1700 men, and during which, more heroism and bravery was evinced than in any other action that had before took place on the American Continent.

On the 24th of August, 1776, a small group of riflemen were collected on the road to the Narrows. There was every sign of suffering among them. They were badly clad, uncleanly, and looked as if rest and food were luxuries they had not been indulging in for many a day. Among them was a tall, muscular, fierce-whiskered man, whose brilliant eye and florid complexion, thin lips, and aquiline nose, betokened the earnestness of his feelings, and the firmness of purpose with which he addressed his comrades. He made known his determination to engage in the expected contest to death. Give him a protected post, on which he might remain undiscovered during the action, and he would kill as many of the enemy as he had hairs on his head.

He was the striking, who, ten years before, astonished Locksley, but now how changed! Instead of the mild light which then shone from his eye, the concentrated fires of hatred and revenge, shot from his rays from his optics, and he clutched his weapon with the blood-thirsty and wild air supposed to belong to a pirate.

"Why do you hate them Englishmen worse than the rest of us?" asked one. "We love freedom, and are assembled to resist oppression; but you appear to have a personal motive in your actions, seem to thirst for blood."

"Vengeance is sweet," exclaimed Piggot, with a convulsive effort to smother his emotion. "Vengeance is sweet, and I desire it—will have it—even though it cost me my own life."

"Vengeance! vengeance!" said another of the men, named Randall, "what the devil have you to avenge more than I, or each of us?"

"I'll tell you," replied Piggot, the lines in his face deepening and his whole form shadowing forth a Mephistophelian outline. "I had an only brother, a lad when I loved better than myself. He was the last remnant of our stock, and I looked upon him as the only being that enabled me to feel I was not a distinctive feature in the community—a piece of humanity alone unshared for."

He went to Boston, and there engaged among the patriots who resisted the efforts of the British at Breed's Hill. He was brought down in the early part of the action by a ball, which deprived him of the use of his lower extremities. As he lay in this helpless condition, a British officer, to whom he appealed, looked savagely on, saw a corporal crush out his life with a bayonet. My brother's nearest comrades, witnessing the murder, gave me the account of it, and told me the officer's words after the boy had pleaded for mercy. These words were:—'No mercy should be shown to an insurrectionist taken with arms in his hands against his majesty's loyal subjects.' I have heard those words ringing in my ears day and night, ever since; and imagination pictures my helpless brother mangled by and struggling beneath the cruel bayonet that sent his soul to heaven. I have sworn to avenge that murder! Now you can account for the feeling that has given me a character of late, before sustained by me—that of cruelty. Have I not cause?"

"By God, I think so," exclaimed one of the

riflemen, "and had I half so much I would be worse than you."

"Well, you'll all have a chance of trying the extent of your courage and principles ere long, so let's talk of something else," remarked a tall fellow, whose nasal twang pronounced "Connecticut" plainly.

"Hark!" said Piggot, "the drum calls us in. A truce to all this; let us act not with the mouth; let us make the very name of riflemen dreaded while a red egg barbers in America."

On the following day it was plain, from the movements of the royal forces, and from the preparations made by the American commander and his officers, that a battle was near at hand. All that day and night the utmost activity prevailed, while the American army evinced the greatest courage and alacrity. When Lord Howe landed at Gravesend Bay, near Fort Hamilton, every man was ready to receive him. A description of the battle would be superfluous. We will, therefore, narrate our incident, under the presumption, that of the battle, itself, our readers need not be informed.

The first of the action occurred with the riflemen, near where we now find that beautiful resting place for the peaceful dead—Greenwood Cemetery. It was the left wing of the royalists, under Col. Grant, assumed this position, while the right and center occupied other memorable ground. The carnage of that day—the terrors, the cruelties, the recklessness, and desperation of that battle, fought with the utmost desperation by both parties—were almost beyond belief. In close proximity to the cemetery, is a creek. Its waters were dyed in the best blood of Americans, who were moved down without a hope of escape, by the artillery. Not only companies, but regiments were destroyed in this manner—the Marylanders in particular. While death was being apportioned here so terribly, a strip of woods not far distant was quite as dreadful to the British. From every trunk, log, protection, or shelter of any kind, the riflemen poured forth their appalling showers. The old adage, "every bullet has its billet," was fully verified, for it was not once in twenty times that a shot failed. The utmost conservation prevailed with regard to this mode of fighting. Indignation was also manifested by the royal officers.

"By Heavens, Baxter," said one officer to another, as they met, "look how our men fall, and not a hope of punishing their murderers. As well seek to thread the mazes of a labyrinth as this light and open wood in safety. See, there falls another officer."

Scarcely had he finished his speech, ere a ball whistled so close to his ear that he felt it.

"Good God," said Baxter, pale with excessive agitation, "this is the most cowardly species of warfare I ever encountered. We must get out of this ground, or else make up our minds to be buried here."

"We dare not—cannot stir without orders—We have our place assigned, and must not evacuate it. And yet it is dreadful to stand here, comparatively idle, and be shot down like sparrows."

Men were falling here and there in every direction, while the din of battle was heard with-never any combatant might turn.

Now and then a rifleman was dislodged and killed; but the invisible foe remained as numerous and serviceable to the cause of liberty as ever. On the outskirts of the wood—or rather in a sort of clearing made by the hand of nature—was a tall oak tree, as stately and dignified as George Washington. Within three hundred yards of this tree was a circle of English soldiers, dead, and almost all marked in the forehead, or about the breast, by a single shot.

At intervals the sharp crack of a rifle was distinguished above all other sounds, and it was surely followed by the immolation of a victim. This had been observed with trembling, by both officers and privates, during an hour or more; and what was also palpable, was that the un-dispersed of dissolution picked off the company officers in preference to the men in the ranks. The shots at last became so frequent and fatal that search was instituted to ascertain their source. It could not be found. Like the great plume of Minut among the Austrians, the invisible marksman became the toll of the whole of the left line, and ultimately the matter reached the ears of Grant.

"Order out a platoon, instantly," cried he to one of his aids, "and let it be held in readiness to make short work of all found engaged in this assassin-like method of combat. Push not until this lurking foe is disclosed and rendered powerless."

This order was communicated to the proper personnel, and a second search was instituted. The file of men detailed to the duty of the search were led by a captain remarkable for his height; and when they came within musket range of the toll tree, the sharp ringing report, so terrible, was the precursor of his death. A corporal saw the smoke, and noticed a stir among the branches. With a keener eye and quicker perception than the rest, and being, without an old soldier, who had seen service on other fields where England had deluged in blood, he at once guessed the whereabouts of the invisible marksman. The moment he communicated his discovery to the rest, there was a

speedy retreat indicated towards the platoon.

This body at once dashed towards the tolling oak, and halted within musket shot.

"That for your leader," shouted a voice from among the branches; and true to the marksman's purpose, the ball entered the brain of the ill-fated commander. A yell of rage was uttered as the officer next in command stepped up, and paused a moment.

"That for the nearest man on the right!" exclaimed the voice, and again the victim bit the dust.

"Now, men," cried the Britain, waving his sword with frantic excitement over his head—"Now, men, fire—fire, I say before he has time to reload again."

The volley startled the echoes of the heights, and the muskets belched forth their contents in flame and smoke. A few twigs dropped from the tree, but the tenet was, to every one, seemingly unharmed.

"No," he spoke, in a sonorous and deep voice, that was distinctly heard, and had something unearthly in its tones—"No, not yet. I luck three mot, by my tally, to make up the amount devoted to the god of vengeance—Here is for one."

A cavalry soldier was passing by; his horse had taken fright and could not be checked. Once more the fatal rifle uttered its death song, and the alarmed steed fled riderless on his way.

"Burn the tree down," exclaimed one of the men. "Fire can be communicated to the trunk easily."

"Will you undertake the deed?" inquired the commander, with a sneer.

"I will," replied the man. "Tear some wadding from your coats and give it to me."

They complied with his request, and delivered to him with alacrity what they procured from their well padded garments. He now became the lion of the field, as the rifleman had been. Every eye centered on the private as he made up a loose parcel of inflammable stuff. A pile of the driest branches was next obtained and broken into respectable brush faggots. The private then fired the wadding with the lock of his musket and a little powder, and fanned it into a blaze. With the lighted mass in one hand and the bundle of brush in the other he started manfully for the tree—the platoon followed him a few paces, and almost imperceptibly narrowing the distance between themselves and the rifleman. The private reached the foot of the tree, and with eager haste threw down his faggots and fired them. As he was rising from his stooping posture, the occupant of the branches made himself, for the first time, visible. With his feet firmly clenched among the boughs, he allowed his body, as quick as thought, to depend over, and, taking aim with his weapon, pulled the trigger. The daring private sprang up and fell over upon his back while his feet scattered the mass which he had intended would have made the tree the American's funeral pile.

"Brother, my oath is fulfilled! I have appeased the angry demon that called for the recompense of your slaughter. Now, then," continued the rifleman, who was no other, as the reader may have anticipated, than Charles Piggot—"Now, then, take good aim and bring me down. I am out of ammunition, have killed as many of you as I had determined to, and have no further cause for remaining here. Fire! and if one shot in proportion to five hits me, you are better handlers of fire arms than I think you."

The soldiers were evidently won to favor him by his intrepidity. He was entirely divested of clothing, excepting a short pair of yellow breeches. His feet, legs, body, and head, were destitute of covering, but begrimed with powder, smoke, dust and perspiration. As he looked down upon the men from the tree, (the descendant and near relative who gives us these facts, says,) he was, even in this miserable plight a commanding and admiration claiming picture.

There was some hesitation in the platoon when Piggot commanded them to bring him down, and the men looked to their officer as if for further instruction. The officer was "mused to the melting mood," nor could he have succumbed to any feeling of compassion consistently with his duty or his aspirations as a true Englishman. The memory of his brethren was to be wedded to some retributive act worthy of their bloody destinies and he gave the signal for the last effort in the scene of Piggot's enacting. They fired as he shouted—"I die satisfied! Brother, I meet you without shame" and he pitched over, away in the branches a moment, and then dropped heavily, a senseless clod, upon the ground.

The word was soon given that the invisible foe, whom they had all feared, was punished; and ere that eventful and (to Washington) disastrous battle was concluded, no one who wore a red coat, or figured his majesty's pay, wanted a second thought upon poor Charles Piggot.

When the wounded were picked up and the dead buried—a duty performed by the inhabitants and the English—Piggot's body was found where it had fallen. A hole, called by courtesy a grave, was scooped out for its reception at the foot of the oak. The vile—the unerring vengeance—was so firmly clenched in the left hand that it could not be removed, but was buried with him. Thus the thoughtless unintentional prediction to the old Albion slanderer, Locksley, that Charley would "die with his rifle in his hand," was too truly and literally accomplished.

Not many years ago, (we have not the exact date,) an old tree in the vicinity we have mentioned was uprooted in a heavy gale, and along with its massive roots, which were wrenched from the ground, came the dark, discolored, mottled semblance of a man's skeleton. Upon looking around in the mould, the curious also found the remnants of a long rifle. The old inhabitants, who had heard the story of the "unerring marksman," at once concluded that they had found Piggot's skeleton, and that the prostrate oak was the one from the top of which he had so bravely thinned the ranks of freedom's opponents. The bare supposition entitled the relics to a grave with military honors, and a monument. There is no death so glorious as that honorably met on the battle ground of liberty, and no character so noble as that of the active, practical patriot.

There are still rifles like Piggot's in the United States; but far distant be the day whereon they shall be called to do execution among men whose consanguinity is too plain to warrant us in estimating them as a race, or the members of a nation distinct from ourselves or our country.

A CHECK CASHED.

During one of the late trips of one of the splendid steamboats from Boston to New York, considerable amusement was afforded to the passengers by a joke played off on a Frenchman, who was on board.

Monsieur was standing at the bar lighting a cigar, when a friend of ours, who loves fun as much as he does any thing else, came up and called for a glass "something"—at the same time throwing down what he supposed at the time to be, a half dollar, but in reality one of those brass checks which are given to the passengers when they place their trunks and other plunder in charge of the baggage-master. The bar-keeper smiled, and remarked that that would be paying rather too much for a drink; which the Frenchman overhearing, exclaimed, "Too much, begar, zat is dam leetle for too much—why zat am noting but von leetle piece of vat zat call brags."

Our friend saw that some amusement might be got up at short notice, and determined to "put the Frenchman through." Taking up the check, he gave the bar-keeper a six-pence, and turning to Monsieur, he smilingly assured him that it would be folly to pay that (holding up the brass check,) for it is worth four shillings.

"Ah ha! is zat so fact?" said the Frenchman.

"True as the newspapers," replied our amiable friend—"I could sell mine directly for half a dollar; and if I knew where to buy another at that price I should be glad to do so."

"You would buy one ozer bit of brass, like zat or like zis?" said Monsieur, drawing from his pocket the check he had received for his trunk.

"Certainly I would. Come, I will give you fifty cents for yours."

"Take him, dere him is," said the Frenchman, handing over his check and receiving a half dollar in exchange.

Our friend walked away, and the Frenchman went to the bar and took a glass of absinthe, the pocketed three-and-six-pence change, and strolled away, humming an air from the opera of "La Juive." At length the boat approached the city. The darkey preambled the decks and cabins, desiring the passengers to step forward and select their baggage. Our Frenchman followed, or rather was carried along, by the crowd of people, and stood tightly jammed up in the midst of them, watching with considerable curiosity, but without understanding it, the whole system of calling the numbers of the checks and handing over the baggage.

At length he was left almost alone, wondering why his "leetle trunk" was not forthcoming.

The number had been called two or three times—it had been thrown on one side. At last he discovered it, and cried out, "Ah! ze dam ron away box—dere him are at last, begar. Give him to me, Monsieur Baggage—dit vous plait?"

"Is this yours?" asked the baggage-master, whom our friend who had bought the check had put up to the trick.

"Yes, dat is him zis a little hair on his top—you give him to me."

"Where's your check?"

"Shucks, vat is zat shuck?"

"That piece of brass I gave you."

"Oh! ah! yes—I comprends bien now. Ah, zat vas von shuck—good—I have sold him for half a dollar. But never mind de shuck, give me your trunk."

"Sold your check, eh! What, for half a dollar. Well, I suppose you know best, but I should think that was hardly enough for this trunk alone without its contents."

"For zat trunk and ze contents! vat zat folly you talk about my trunk and ze contents!"

"Why only that you sold your trunk, and all that's in it, when you sold that check."

"Zat is von grand lie, begar. I never sell my trunk. Mon Dieu, zere is von, two, tree, several hundred dollars in him, viz my boots, two coats, my shirts, cravats, and all zat. By I sal never sell him, not for noting at all."

cried the Frenchman, first becoming furious, then the baggage-master was firm, and refused to

give the trunk up except to the holder of the holder of the check. The Frenchman raved, swore, and almost foamed at the mouth, when he saw the buyer of his check coolly approach the spot, accompanied by two porters, to one of whom he pointed out his own baggage, while producing the purchased check, he desired the other to follow him with the Frenchman's trunk. Monsieur's rage now knew no bounds, and it was really to prevent him from jumping overboard, or doing some other desperate act, that the buyer of the check put an end to the scene on the Frenchman's refunding the fifty cents.

A FORCIBLE ILLUSTRATION. A clergyman, in a country church, had been, in the course of his sermon, expounding the nature of miracles. No sooner had the service ended, than one of his congregation, a bluff farmer, approached him, and begged to thank him for much that he had learned in attending to his discourse, but hoped that his reverence would pardon him for asking for some further elucidation of the meaning of a miracle; nothing that he had then heard having tended to enlighten his ignorance of the nature of such an occurrence. The divine immediately assented, requesting the farmer to wait in the porch till the congregation had dispersed. In the porch accordingly did Giles station himself, happy in the hope of the solution of such a mystery, and was anxiously watching the departure of the last loiterers in the church-yard, when he was literally "taken all aback" by a tremendous salute in the rear, from the well directed and vigorously applied foot of the pastor, who, in reply to the mingled expressions of pain and wonder which burst from his astonished disciple, mildly inquired, "whether what he had then received had hurt him and caused him any pain?" "Hurt me! hurt me most woundily!" rejoined the farmer. "Then," said the clergyman, in most significant manner, "all I can tell you is, that it would have been a miracle if it had not."

The following from the Cincinnati Signal, is a very decided "hit."

MORE BULL-DOGS BY THE HORNS!—ANOTHER "\$1,000 OFFERED."—JOE SMITH AND HIS COUSIN FOG.—Mr. Editor.—As my celebrated Cousin, Fog Smith, offers a thousand dollars bet that his "Durham Bull" would walk quicker than House's Printing Telegraph could transmit a thousand words from Boston to New York, I consider it due to our double relationship, (through the Smith and Humbug families) to sustain my distinguished kinsman, by another thousand dollars bet of the "same sort"—precisely.

Therefore I, Joe Smith, of Salt River, Kentucky, (formerly from Penobscot, down East) hereby offer to bet my old Bull dog, Towzer, worth a thousand dollars any day; and "more too," that Fog's "Durham Bull" can walk not only between New York and Boston, but actually cross the "Mountings" into old Kentucky, before meeting any chap green enough to fancy that any message of a "thousand words" could be sent by House's or any other Telegraph across Fog's Boston Line, so long as Fog himself is near it, provided it is for the joint interest of the Smith and Humbug families to find the "wires cut" before the lightning was half through its business.

My old Bull-dog is a "real teazer," and barks equal to Fog himself. He can devour snakes, I'll tell you! But 'any way,' for the honor of the united families of Smith and Humbug, I hereby offer to bet another thousand, (payable in Bull-dogs) that I, Joe Smith, will whip my weight in wild cats, if any chap in all creation, doubts that Fog and I are full-blooded cousins, particularly through the "Humbug" branch of the small family of "Smiths," though I must say Fog is RATHER more of a "Humbug" than your humble servant.

JOE SMITH.

A LEGAL JOKE. The New York News is answerable for the following good "n—"

Not long since, while the Supreme Court was in session in Providence, during the trial of the criminal docket, the jailer was ordered to bring in a number of prisoners; just as he arrived at the head of the stairs, he was met by one of the judges coming out of the room, and who by the way, has a taste for fun at suitable times.

"Why, doctor," said the judge, in a low voice, "I am astonished to find you keeping such bad company."

"Oh, judge," replied the doctor, in a very quiet way, "I don't mind it, as they are the invited guests of the Supreme Court."

The judge walked down stairs, enjoying a hearty laugh.

OUT OF HIS LINE. "Cato, has you read de papers lately?"

"What you mean, colored man?"

"I ax you in dis 'licker manner becase I see dey advertise for a gemmen ob color to work on a farm."

"Go'way, black man! I is in de politics line."

A WITTY PREACHER. When Dr. Sherlock was appointed Dean of St. Paul's, he was applied to, (as was usual,) to let part of the visits for the reception of wine; which, however, he refused, observing that he was resolved not to be accused of preaching over his liquor.

TUALLY DISSOLVED; AND IT IS FULL TIME THAT THIS PART OF THE DISUNITED STATES SHOULD TAKE CARE OF ITSELF.—Rev. J. S. Gardner, of Boston, April 9, 1812.

THE LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE OF THAT RESOLVE.

Some persons, well meaning, no doubt, seem to be in a quandary about the character of the following Resolution:

"Resolved, That we look with abhorrence on the present unrighteous war in which our country is engaged, regarding it as disgraceful to a Christian people, and that we will by prayer and all lawful means seek its speedy termination."

The question is, is this Resolution Religious or Political? Everybody takes it for granted that it is one or the other; and almost everybody whose zeal has not run away with their judgment, considers it equally objectionable, whether it is deemed one or the other.

A single test will place this Resolution where it belongs. Religion is man's duty to his Maker. It relates to our actions, whether right or wrong, in the sight of Heaven. Every act we do, because God requires it, and because we wish for his favor, and which has reference only to the relation of man to his Maker, is a Religious act. This constitutes religious principle, and is the foundation of all our Religious conduct.

Politics, or Political Economy, has reference to man's duty to his Government. It relates to our actions, whether right or wrong, in the sight of the Government, which in our country happens to be the people. Every act we do individually or collectively, which directly approves or censures the Government in any of its measures, is a Political act. In this view, where does this Resolution belong? I should say it belonged literally to neither, alone; but partly to both. It is both Religious and Political.

It says, "We abhor the present unrighteous war—regarding it as disgraceful to a Christian people." This is Political, because it undertakes to censure and condemn directly an act of the Government which was passed while in the exercise of one of its highest, most responsible, most exclusive and most legitimate political powers. Another good and sufficient reason why this part of the Resolution is not Religious, is the fact that the language is identical with that of a Resolution passed by the Whig party at their State Convention in this State, last summer. I know the Whigs are tender on "order," "decency," and "religion," but I never have seen the first Whig who claimed that language as "religious."

And I may be allowed to presume that they would feel themselves highly insulted if they could not be permitted to call this language *political*, as it is the only foundation of their faith. In passing, it may be important, though not essentially so, to state that there is a Party whose sympathies have always been with the modern Whigs, and whose doctrines, principles, politics or rather self-righteousness, and bitterness, "stick-out" all over them, like the unmentionable projections from a certain inoffensive, lovely, and justly celebrated animal, who do not agree with their Whig-brethren, but insist that this is Religious.

I will simply express the hope, although entirely unnecessary, that the Whigs as well as Democrats will allow this party the greatest degree of toleration; for if this Religious right of theirs to find fault with and condemn the acts of their Government, should in any manner be infringed or curtailed, it would take away just so much of their religious faith; and if by the exercise of gross intolerance, we should call the whole of this Resolution Political, I fear most of the members of this party would present a fearful spectacle of Religious cupidity.

The last part of the Resolution, which says—"We will by prayer and lawful means seek its speedy termination," is all right enough, and will meet, as it ever has, the hearty approval of every Democrat. I am very sorry to see such a sentence in such company; because, if there be any sincerity in the first, I am fearful there is but little in the last. They mingle about as well as oil and water—the more you mix them the more they want mixed.

If these plain principles and remarks should aid one in giving the right latitude and longitude to this Resolution, I think it will be worthy a wooden monument, if nothing better.

Query. If the word War, in this Resolution, was stricken out, and Tariff, Bank, Harbor, Judiciary, or any one of those words inserted, would anybody ask whether it was Political or Religious? Cost.

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THE LAST MESSAGE.
The following is a just tribute paid by an able man in an extract of a letter to the editor of the Union.

"What a noble message the President has given us on the harbor bill. His diction is eloquent and beautiful, and its facts and logic conclusive and irresistible. Although always opposed to the policy of internal improvements by the national government, and approving of the vetoes of all former bills for that purpose, I never before read a veto message which, in my opinion, placed the policy of the democratic party in relation to that subject, upon clear and irrefragable ground. The President has now done it. The policy of permitting the States to levy tonnage duties upon vessels entering its ports and rivers, for the purpose of improving them, is the true constitutional ground. It is clear, tangible and obvious to the simplest understanding; and is irresistibly strengthened by the fact that it was the policy of the government for more than thirty years after the constitution was adopted. I will only add, that in my judgment, the late veto message is the ablest of all the very able messages of Mr. Polk. He deserves the thanks and gratitude of the country for laying down the only doctrine which can save the people of the United States from a deluge of expenditures and taxes, and a huge national debt, which they will never be able to pay, but which will crush and oppress them and their posterity as long as the republic shall exist—as the people of the governments of Europe are oppressed with taxation growing out of their national debt."

A WORD OF CAUTION.—On all occasions of festivity and joy, when we are all prone to indulge in the good things of this life, and not unfrequently to excess, let us not forget that the pleasures of the table, when enjoyed beyond the bounds of prudence, are always at the expense of health. To such, however, as are inadvertently led into excess, the Indian Vegetable Pills will be found the best, if not the very best medicine in the world for carrying off all the complaints which arise from irregularity of diet;—because they cleanse the stomach and bowels from those bilious humors which are the cause of headache, giddiness, sick

